

THE HIGHWAY.

The highway lies, all bare and brown,
A naked line across the down,
Worn by a hundred hurrying feet.
The tide of life along it flows,
And busy commerce comes and goes.
Where once the grass grew green and sweet,
The world's fierce pulses beat.

Well for the highway that it lies
The passageway of great emprise!
Yet from its dust what voices cry—
Voices of soft green growing things
Trampled and torn from earth which
clings
Too closely, unperceiving why
Its darling bairns must die!

My heart's a highway, trodden down
By many a traveler of renown—
Grave thought, and burden-bearing
deeds.

And strong achievement's envoy fares,
With laughing joys and crowning cares,
Along the road that worldward leads—
Once rank with foolish weeds.

Glad is my heart to hear them pass;
Yet sometimes breathes a low alas!
The tender springing things that grew—
The nursing hopes their feet destroyed,
Sweet ignorant dreams that youth en-
joyed—
And blossomed there the long year
through—
Would I could have them too!

—Louise Betts Edwards, in Harper's Maga-
zine.

"DOC'S" STORY.

The "lush" was in his best humor when he joined the evening group at the Alfalfa European hotel. He had enough of morning penitence left in him to make him grave and even dignified. At the same time he had started in upon an evening accumulation, and had already become warmed into that friendly mood which helps one to realize that all men are brothers.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the "lush," and he said it as if it were the preliminary to an oration.

"Good evening, sir; good evening," responded "Doc" Horne, with a slight inclination of the head.

"Sit down and make yourself miserable," said the lightning dentist, who could be entertaining at times.

"Come join the feast of reason and the flow of soul," added the book agent, who could be original, if not entertaining.

"Sure, that's right," added the bicycle salesman.

The "lush" seated himself and asked: "Well, gentlemen, what is the subject under discussion?"

"We were just talking about the cold weather, and saying that it must be pretty tough on some people," said the lightning dentist.

"There's nothing personal in this, is there?" asked the "lush."

"Certainly not," said the lightning dentist, laughing. "Doc" Horne chuckled, and the large book agent smiled in a conservative manner, as if he feared to compromise his professional dignity.

The bicycle young man was puzzled. He did not see why the laugh came in, so he settled back in his chair and tried to think it out. The task was long and difficult, for he said but a few words during the remainder of the evening.

"I don't think there is so much suffering, now that the weather has moderated," said the "lush."

"I hope not," said "Doc" Horne. "It's a terrible thing to be cold and hungry for days at a time. I can tell you that. If any of you gentlemen ever go through what I did you'll appreciate that fact, too."

"How's that, 'Doc'?" asked the "lush."

"I thought I had told you of my experience in the winter of '67 and '68, when I was moose hunting with Gen. Foster up in Canada. No? Well, we had a party of gentlemen from New York and Philadelphia with us. The weather was bitterly cold, but we were living in the general's hunting lodge and we managed to keep comfortable. One day I was out with a party, and we were up on the Sessikoochee river—"

"What's the name, 'Doc'?" asked the lightning dentist.

"The Sessikoochee—Indian name, you know. It means 'lofty pines.' I had two New York gentlemen with me, and we were tracking a moose—had been on the trail for several hours. I crossed the river on the ice to take up what seemed to be a new trail, and I got separated from my two friends. I suppose I was intent on following this trail, and that's why I paid so little attention to the weather. The first thing I knew the snow began to fall, and I discovered that the sky was overcast, with every indication of a blizzard. I started back along the trail, but in ten minutes the air was filled with blinding snow and the wind was blowing a perfect hurricane among the trees. Of course it was impossible to see very far in any direction, but I kept on, and thought I was going toward the river. I knew if I struck the river I could find the house all right. Darkness came on—I had no idea it was so late—and the wind came from the northwest and cut me to the very bone. I walked and walked and walked, but I didn't come to the river, and then I realized that probably I had been walking away from it all the time. Of course my inclination was to sit down and rest, but I knew I didn't dare to do that or I'd freeze to death."

"It must have been awful," said the bicycle young man.

"Well, it wasn't any pleasure excursion. Fortunately I found a hollow tree where I could coil myself. I got in there and wrapped my fur coat around me, and managed to keep fairly warm

until morning. By that time the wind had gone down and the cold was something intense. If I hadn't been so hardy and athletic I suppose I never would have lived through it. I got out, took my bearings from the sun and started out on a run to find the river. I had to run to keep from freezing. Of course I still carried my rifle, and I also had a hunting knife, but I didn't have any matches to start a fire with. About ten o'clock that morning I shot a rabbit, but of course I couldn't cook it, so I had to content myself with drinking a little of the blood."

The bicycle young man gasped and shivered, which led "Doc" to say: "You would have been glad to get it."

"I should think it would be hard work to run in the snow," said the lightning dentist.

"Not if you had snowshoes," said "Doc," with an amused smile.

"Oh, I didn't know you had snowshoes."

"I didn't have any when I started, but I made a rough pair out of some long twigs knotted together with a kind of wiry grass that grows up there. With this pair of shoes I could make four miles an hour across the snow. I kept at it nearly all day, only stopped to rest twice, if I remember correctly, but I was off in my calculations, for I didn't find the river. It might have been a mile or it might have been 15 miles away—I didn't know. When it began to get dark again I'll admit that I was a little frightened. The only thing that had kept me warm all day was my running, and, of course, by this time, I was more or less tired. Well, sir, it was a funny thing. I had cut through a little ravine and was starting up the other side, when I saw an Indian trapper, in a fur suit, jump behind a tree about 100 feet ahead of me. I stopped short and yelled to him: 'Kerly mahoo!' That means in the Indian language, 'Come out.'"

"Can you talk Indian, too, 'Doc'?" asked the "lush."

"I knew a few words belonging to this Canadian tribe of Maxeboshas, but I never gave a thorough study to any Indian language except that of the Sioux."

"Lo, the poor Indian," observed the book agent. "What did this man behind the tree say to you?"

"Well, he waited a few minutes, and then he came out," said "Doc." "I saw that he had a fresh haunch of venison slung over his shoulder, and I decided to have some of it. I went up to him and asked him the way to the river and the camp. He pretended not to understand, but I knew better. He shook his head and started to go away and I dropped my rifle and grabbed him. Of course I could have taken a drop on him, but I didn't want to have any shooting. I didn't want a dead Indian. I wanted a live one, who could show me the way back to Gen. Foster's hunting lodge. First, I wrenched the gun out of his hands, and then we went at it. He was a giant in stature and very strong, and I was weak from lack of food and all that hard travel, but I got a hold on him that I had learned in wrestling, and I landed him in the snow. I fell on top of him, and, drawing my knife, I pointed it at his throat and said: 'Now, will you obey me?' He nodded that he would, and so I let him up. I knew that these Indians always carried matches or flints, because they were in the habit of cooking food out in the forest. I kept this fellow covered with my rifle and made him build a fire and cook me some venison, which I ate with some enjoyment, you may be sure. By this time the moon was up. I emptied his gun and gave it back to him, and then I told him to lead me to the camp. He struck off through the forest and I followed him. Well, sir, we traveled all night and about nine o'clock next morning reached the lodge. They had given me up for lost. Yes, sir, all the eastern papers had me dead, but that was one time I fooled 'em. I learned after I got back that the thermometer had registered 40 below."

"What became of the two men who started out with you?" asked the lightning dentist.

"Oh, they got back all right by following the river. A funny thing about that experience. The Indian remained at our lodge a couple of days and became very much attached to me. Afterward, when I went up there, he acted as guide for our party."

"Doc" ceased talking and the "lush" gave one look at the lightning dentist, as if to indicate that he was helpless with admiration.

"The doctor appears to be a man—'ho he, had remarkable experiences," said the book agent, later in the evening when "Doc" had gone to his room.

"You don't half know him yet," said the "lush." "He's been a capitalist, a government scout, a circus tumbler and a steamboat pilot."

"And an actor," added the lightning dentist.

"And an opera singer."

"And a stage driver."

"And an author."

"Why he's been everything. If you don't believe it, ask him about it. He'll tell you."—Chicago News.

—Two weddings a day has been Rev. Wesley A. Hunsberger's average for the past 12 months. He is pastor of the Milwaukee Grand avenue M. E. church.

—The half-dollar is 1 3-16ths of an inch in diameter.

WOMAN AND HOME.

CRUSADE AGAINST RUM.

Led by Miss Jessie Ackerman, a Woman of Pluck and Purpose.

Saloons on Chicago's west side are squaring their shoulders for a battle royal. A modern Joan of Arc in the form of Miss Jessie A. Ackerman, who has scaled the highest mountains, explored the depths of the ocean in diving costumes, hailed passing steamers from the masthead and ridden overland in Iceland 800 miles on horseback, has begun a crusade against King Alcohol. She comes to the Fourth Baptist church of Chicago as special rescue worker and is probably the first to carry the work of the Baptist church into a field hitherto claimed alone by the Salvation Army alum corps. The first onslaught will be against saloonkeepers. The latter are nervous themselves to face the bold invader, but Miss Ackerman's past achievements are taken into account it is probable she will gain the citadel with the aid of a telescope organ and her gentle personality.

Miss Ackerman is known to temperance and rescue workers the world over. It is unlikely that among them may be found another woman with such a history of varied and daring experiences. When seen at the home of a friend her agreeable manners and expressive face belied the trying situations through which she has passed as a missionary.

The Fourth Baptist church, of which Rev. Kittredge Wheeler is pastor, will experience a change of work and policy as a result of the work mapped out for the versatile woman. Miss Ackerman is one of the two licensed women Baptist preachers in the United States and is pretty well known as a lecturer.

Miss Ackerman is an American, but has devoted most of her life to active work abroad as a missionary. She is at present working upon a history of her 800 mile ride on horseback through Ireland. Thirty-one days were consumed in the trip, and each had its quota of picturesque incidents. She describes the Icelanders as "a people with a touch of melancholy in all their doings and delightfully provincial in customs." "It is difficult to sleep on the island," she continued. "We had to lower curtains and darken the rooms in order to get even sleepy. It is so light one may read day and night without artificial light. I can say that I



MISS JESSIE A. ACKERMAN.

never spent a more delightful time than during my sojourn in Iceland."

In China and India Miss Ackerman traversed the countries in native costume. Her descriptions of the prevalence of the opium habit in those countries are harrowing, to put it mildly. "But I find that there are whole districts devoted to these dens in New York, San Francisco and Denver," she said, "and I have an idea that plenty of them may be found in Chicago. In foreign countries—India and China—the number of people enslaved by opium is almost as great as that of the victims of strong drink. The effect is just as inevitable and ruinous."

Among the many daring incidents in which Miss Ackerman has figured is her descent to the bottom of the sea near the coast of India. Arrayed in the trappings of a woman diver, probably the only suit of the kind in existence and obtained for the occasion from an expert, Miss Ackerman viewed the beauties of the deep and helped to bring up a number of pearls. On her way to India on the high seas, while on board a steamer, she climbed a mast and, clinging to the swaying top, waved a greeting to a passing ship. On the same journey abroad Miss Ackerman was a passenger on a Chinese junk, and during a high storm at sea was swept overboard. Her presence of mind and some sailors from a Turkish man-of-war saved her. Australia was also the scene of some of Miss Ackerman's most active labors. She has twice encircled the globe. When in Africa she was prostrated with sickness. Lady Henry Somerset heard of her condition, sent for her and brought her back to health in her castle, near London.

Miss Ackerman is a good platform speaker and her manner is sincere. She is determined to carry on an active campaign on Chicago's west side, with the Fourth Baptist church as her support.

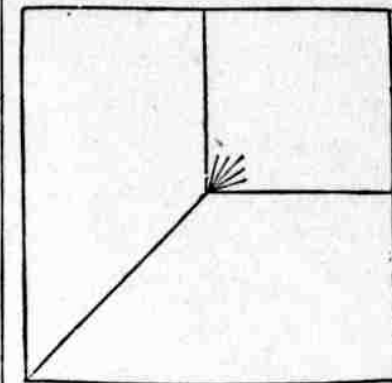
Cleaning Windows in Winter.

Often the window glass requires to be cleaned, but it is so cold and the air so full of frost that it does not seem advisable to wash the glass with water. Try a flannel cloth; moisten it with paraffin oil and rub the glass with it. Have at hand a fresh flannel cloth and rub over the glass with it. This method will give better results than soap and water.

PRETTY SOFA PILLOW.

Odds and Ends Can Be Used Up in Making One of Them.

This may be made from the merest scraps of silk, or worsted goods can be substituted for the silk, and the work be done in odd moments of time. The foundation of the cover can be made from small pieces of unbleached muslin, or flour sacks. Cut these pieces two inches square. Then cut a piece of black silk, or goods, one and one-fourth inches in size and baste it upon one corner of the muslin. Now take a piece of any bright color and sew it to the muslin along one edge of the



BLOCK FOR SOFA PILLOW.

black, and turn back to cover the foundation on that side. Take another piece of different color and sew along the other side of the black, to cover the remaining muslin. At the corner, let one color overlap the other diagonally, hemming it down upon the right side. From the inner end of this diagonal line make several stitches upon the black in fan shape with a bright-colored floss. This completes the block.

Plan the size of pillow that you wish to make, and then piece as many blocks as will be required. Twenty or 22 inches makes a good-sized pillow, and for the latter 121 blocks will be needed. As different colors are employed, any odds and ends can be made use of.

The pillow is handsomely set off by a wide bias ruffle of black silk or goods like that used in the corner of each block. Or this ruffle can be made of ribbon. If there is not sufficient of the black goods for the ruffle, the edge can be finished with a cord, and the underside of the pillow can be made of any available material, or like the top.—American Agriculturist.

GENUINE IRISH STEW.

How to Make It Out of the Food Generally Thrown Away.

We are not apt to regard the Irish peasantry as either thrifty or patterns in any matters of cooking, yet the canny Scotch are no more severe economists than the Irish of the northern country. The genuine Irish stew is a dish that deserves every praise. It is as great a success in its way as a Scotch broth of mutton, and it is a culinary lesson in the use of what people generally throw away.

To make this dish the peasant secures what scraps of meat and bones he can get for a few cents. The purchase is chiefly bone, and the meat is either beef or mutton, or both.

The bone and meat are separated and the fat is removed. The best way to make the broth is to throw the meat in one kettle and the bones in another, and cover them both with cold water.

After the contents of the two kettles have simmered very slowly for one hour salt is added. The cook now gathers any sound vegetable tops, the green tops of celery, the green leaves outside the cabbage, which in less thrifty parts of the land are the perquisite of the pig. These are chopped together and added to the kettle containing the bones, and simmered with them for the next hour. For every two quarts of the stew two small onions cut in slices are added. When they have simmered half an hour, six small potatoes, cut in quarters, are put in. When the potatoes have cooked half an hour, strain the broth off the bones and chopped vegetables, pressing the vegetables hard to extract all the pulp and flavor from them. Thicken the strained broth with a heaping tablespoonful of flour mixed with a large tablespoonful of butter. If mutton is used the broth must be carefully skimmed before adding the thickening. Let the thickening cook in the strained broth for ten minutes, stirring it carefully, then pour it in the kettle of meat, onions and potatoes. Let the stew simmer a moment or two, stirring it constantly. Taste it to see if it needs more salt, add pepper, and serve at once.

It is largely a pot of luck, depending upon the vegetables at hand and the amount of meat it contains; but it is nutritious, even when it is made largely of vegetables, and it is always excellent.

—N. Y. Tribune.

Will Not Use a Hair Brush.

The brush is said to be by no means the best method of dressing the hair. It tears out much of the hair, marring its appearance and seriously injuring it. A charming English woman, whose hair always looked like burnished gold, announced one day that she never used a brush on it; however she had a substitute. With a large silk handkerchief, such as good housekeepers covet, for brightening their silver, she stroked it firmly and briskly 100 times night and morning. She said this method possesses all the good qualities of a brushing without ever running the danger of breaking a fine hair or tiring the head.

CONGRESS OF MOTHERS.

Large Attendance at the Washington Gathering—Responsibilities of Mothers.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—The First Baptist church was crowded long before the opening of the Mothers' congress, and an overflow meeting was held in the large Sunday school room. Mrs. Ballington Booth conducted the devotional exercises, and spoke of her work among the poor and criminal classes in New York city. She appealed to mothers to guard every avenue by which their children could be led astray, and declared that a mother's love was a most potent influence in the formation of the character of a child.

Mrs. Helen H. Gardner, of Boston, read a paper on "The Moral Responsibility of Women in Heredity," in the course of which she said:

I fear that I shall strike a less pleasant note than those who have dealt with the ideal motherhood. My theme is scientific. It deals with demonstrable facts and it goes back even to the kindergarten. Self-abnegation, submissiveness to man—whether he be a father, lover or husband—is the most dangerous theory that can be taught to or forced upon a woman. She has no right to transmit a nature that is subservient and a slavish character, either blindly obedient or blindly rebellious, and therefore set, as is a time lock, to prey or to be preyed upon by society of the future. If woman is not brave enough personally to demand, to obtain, absolute personal liberty of action, equality of status, entire control of her great race-endowing function, maternity, she has no right to dare to stamp upon a child and to curse a race with the descendants of such a servile, a dwarfed, a time-and-master-serving character. We wonder how she dares to face her child and know that she did not fit herself by self-development and by direct, sincere, firm and thorough qualifications for maternity before she dared to assume its responsibilities. We wonder that man has been so slow in learning to read the message that nature has telegraphed to him in letters of fire and photographed with a terrible persistency upon the distorted, diseased bodies and minds of his children and upon the moral imbecilities she has set before him as an answer to his message of sex domination. Do you know that there is an army of 700,000 defectives in this country? Seven hundred thousand imbecile, insane, deaf, dumb, blind and criminal victims of maternal and paternal ignorance. Our standing army is only 25,000 men—these for our protection; our defective army 700,000—these for our destruction.

At the evening session many interesting papers were read and addresses made. Mr. Anthony Comstock offered a resolution, which was referred, calling upon congress to enact specific laws against the dissemination of bad literature.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

Associated Press Has a Harrowing Tale of Hunger and Death.

AGRA, India, Feb. 19.—The special reporter of the Associated press, who is visiting the famine stricken districts of India, has inspected the central native states and Bundelkhand district. People from the former have been flocking into British territory for the past month and hundreds of starving persons are meeting the trains and begging their only means of subsistence. The villages are turning the refugees away and many are dying on the railroad. Walking from one station to another, the correspondent found five dead bodies along the line. Children are deserted and left to forage for themselves. The mortality is awful at Banda, the blackest spot of the Bundelkhand province, where, out of a population of 700,000, 200,000 are receiving relief. The number is expected to reach 300,000.

FOUGHT OVER BUTTER.

A Bloody Battle in an Oklahoma Town Between Two Families.

GUTHRIE, Ok., Feb. 19.—News reached here last night from Perkins of a bloody battle on the streets of that place between the Atchison and Dougherty families over a lawsuit for possession of several crocks of butter. William Atchison was shot and very badly cut, and his sons, Tom and John, both stabbed so badly that they are dying. John Dougherty was badly hacked about the head and shoulders with a meat cleaver in the hands of the youngest Atchison, and his father, William Dougherty, is badly injured.

Six Mutilated Bodies Found.

WIXONA, N. D., Feb. 19.—A sextuple tragedy was discovered one mile from this place yesterday on the ranch of Rev. Thomas Spicer. The horribly mutilated bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Spicer, their daughter Mrs. William Rouse, with her one-year-old twin boys, and the aged Mrs. Waldron, the mother of the postmaster of this place, were discovered scattered about the ranch, and there is as yet no positive clew to the perpetrators of the horrible crime.

American Flag Was Not There.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—The business of the year just closed was the most remunerative ever experienced by the Suez canal, according to United States Consul-General Pefield at Cairo, the traffic aggregating almost \$16,000,000 in value. British ships fell off in number, but still made up two-thirds of the traffic, while the German shipping in the canal increased. Not a single ship bearing the United States flag passed through the canal last year.

Chicago Cattle Rates Increased.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 19.—After February 25 rates on beef cattle from Texas points for the Chicago market will be from 10 1/4 to 11 1/4 cents higher. The Southwestern Traffic association gave notice of its intention to enforce these rates. The 10 1/4 cent charge virtually affects all territory north of and including Austin. All other territory in Texas will come under the 11 1/4-cent rate.